

POETRY.

For the Telegraph.

AN ELEGY.

ON THE SUDDEN AND PAINFUL DEATH OF TWO YOUNG BOYS, SONS OF MY FRIEND.

"Thy will be done."

"Thy will be done," how easy to repeat,

While the bright glow of health the house-

hold cheers;—

When the two lovely boys the parents greet,

And infant prattle charms a father's ear.

But yonder see that sable, weeping train;

And hark—the bell!—hearing that deepened

tone!

It pauses now—now, sounding loud again,

Flings to the sighing gale its plaintive moan.

See, near the altar slowly they repair,

The father, mother, daughter, there the son;

Oh! the still, the solemn hour of prayer—

Intimant accents fall, "Thy will be done."

Yea, they are gone—'twas death's even-

omed dart

Flew twice, nor missed his prey—no skill

could save;

Those suff'ring too, which wrung a parent's

heart,

Have sought and found a refuge in the grave.

Yes, they are gone; that loveliness is fled—

The animated eye; the vocal tongue;

And all the parents hoped, or wish'd or fear'd,

Is buried in the oblivion of the tomb.

The storm is hushed—sleep on, ye guilt-

less pair!

Rest sweetly there, secure from human woes:

While we in toil and guilt and sorrow share.

There's not a breath to break your soft repose.

A brighter glow shall animate your dust—

The trumpet sounds—and now a brighter

bloom!

And rushing into life, you quickly burst

The iron fetters of th' untimely tomb.

And ye bereaved! ah, why not cease to weep,

That soon and sudden set their morning sun?

They are not dead, but sleep—come, still

repeat,

And with unflinching voice—"Thy will be

done."

E'en at the darkest hour that will be kind;

"Thy will be done," it seems to say:

I speak—"let light upon the darkness shine:"

The path of trouble leads to endless day.

Oh summon up the more, and patient wait;

Be faithful thou—"the race is nearly run;

See the young cherubs at the golden gate!

Ah, how will they rejoice to see the come!

There, thou and she; and they will pro-

strate fall,

And cast your crowns before th' eternal Son;

In that bright world where death nor fears

appear,

With rapture loud, acclaim, "Thy will be

done."

AMOS.

Brandon, July, 1836.

\* This friend is in the Christian ministry.

† The mother.

AGRICULTURAL.

COMPARATIVE PROFITS OF COWS AND SHEEP.

From my own observations, and other

lights on the subject which I have been

able to obtain, I judge that, on an av-

erage, it will require 1 1/2 tons of hay, or

its equivalent in other keeping, to winter

a cow. This will be rarely estimated at

less than \$12. To keep her through the

summer will require about 2 1/2 acres of

good pasture. This will be estimated

differently, according to different valua-

tions of land, but I will say, it is equal to

\$7. The interest on the capital vested in

the cow, may be \$1.50. According to

this estimate, which I am satisfied does

not vary far from the truth, the annual ex-

penses incident to keeping a cow are

equal to \$20.50. It is generally under-

stood that it costs about as much to keep a

cow one year as she is worth? Such ap-

pears to be the fact, and yet she is a very

profitable animal. It is believed none is

more so. The value of her produce is

next to be estimated.

A good cow, (and when I say good, I

mean no other than an ordinary cow of

the native breed,) may under proper man-

agement, be expected to produce annually

at least 200 pounds of butter. This will

be yielding at the rate of about 4 1/2

pounds a week for 10 months, during

which time it is supposed the cow will

give milk. The butter, then, at 12 1/2

cents, the lowest price, will be worth \$25.

The skimmed milk, which may be given

to the calf, or to hogs, may be worth \$3.

The dung which the cow will be the means

of making, may be worth \$1. According to

this estimate, the annual produce of the

cow will be equal to \$29, and the balance

standing to her credit, after paying the ex-

penses of keeping her, will be \$8.50.—

Nothing is here estimated for the expen-

ses incident to taking care of the cow and

milking the butter. Be these what they

may, it is clear that a handsome profit

will remain after all charges are paid.—

Butter making is probably the most profit-

able use to which dairy cows can be ap-

plied, especially when the scale of busi-

ness is small, and only a few cows are

kept. But when cheese making is the ob-

ject, the average produce of cows, in that

article, is said to range between three and

four hundred pounds annually.

In regard to sheep, I assume it as my

data, that it costs about the same to keep

twelve sheep through a year as one cow.

It requires about the same investment

of capital to gain possession of that num-

ber of sheep, as to become the owner of a

cow. It may appear to cost less to winter

twelve sheep than one cow, because sheep

are not usually fed from the barn so long

as cattle by several weeks. Yet they de-

rive their living from the farm, and are

justly chargeable for what they consume.

If then it costs the same to keep twelve

sheep as one cow, which I am satisfied

will not vary far from the truth, the ex-

pense of keeping that number of sheep

through a year will, according to preced-

ing estimates, amount to \$20.50. Let us

see now what will be the value of their

produce.

The fleeces of twelve sheep may weigh

36 lbs. This quantity of wool, at 50 cents

a pound, may be worth \$18. The lambs

which the flock will produce, may be

worth \$8. The annual income then from

twelve sheep, will be \$24, while the ex-

penses incident to keeping them will be

\$20.50. The result is a clear profit of

\$3.50. From these estimates, it appears

that keeping sheep is a profitable branch

of husbandry, but I think it appears that

keeping good dairy cows is still more

profitable. In either case the husband-

man receives considerable more than a

full compensation for all his labor, and

the use of the land which is devoted to

these purposes. Under such circumstan-

ces, how can he fail of becoming a thrifty

farmer?—Genesee Farmer.

The above was written for Western

Pennsylvania, and the estimates will need

some correction to adapt them to the me-

dian of Vermont.—Vt. Chronicle.

THE ADVENTURES OF A GENTLEMAN IN SEARCH OF A HORSE. Philadelphia. Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

We have not seen the book itself, but from the

various extracts which have fallen beneath our

attention, we believe it a book of sterling value.

From the affection we have to the noble animal

of which it treats, we make the following extract

—discussing a fact in the physical structure of the

horse, which should be universally known.—

New-York Spectator.

"There is another variation between the

horse's and the human eye, of a very

important and peculiar character; at the

inner angle of the eye, there is found a

dark membrane that, apparently at the

pleasure of the animal, is shot rapidly

over the eye, like a veil; it is instantly

withdrawn, and in its rapid transit, cleanse

the eyeball of dust or foreign particles that

may have accidentally lodged upon it.—

This membrane is called the *haw*; it is

not muscular, but its action is curiously

explained; it is projected from its place

by the compression or rather depression

of the eye-ball into the socket, occasioned

by the retractor muscle. When the eye

is depressed by the play of this muscle,

the elasticity of the fatty substance behind

the eye-ball, causes the haw to extend it-

self from the corner of the eye, over the

visible surface; when the retractor mus-

cle ceases to act, the eye-ball resumes its

usual position, the fat returns to its place

behind, and the haw also returns to the

socket from which it has been momentari-

ly pushed forward.

"I am the more particular in thus de-

scribing the utility and action of the haw,

because such is the gross ignorance of the

majority of country farmers, that when this

membrane has been affected by a tempo-

rary inflammation of the eye, and thus be-

come enlarged and more prominent than

usual, it has been regarded as a diseased

excrescence, and actually extirpated, to the

permanent injury of the horse. Instead

of endeavoring to subdue the inflamma-

tion, by the ordinary remedies, it has ap-

peared the simplest way to remove the

diseased part; and thus the eye, though

for a time apparently restored to health,

has in the end been lost by the casual in-

roduction of impurities, such as dust,

flies, &c., which there no longer remains

any natural means of removing. It will

scarcely be credited by general readers,

that so prevalent is this error as to have

found a place in that learned work, the

Encyclopædia of Rees, where, under the

article *haw*, this membrane is described as

a diseased tumor in the eye, and instruc-

tions are given for removing it! This

may give a useful hint not to confide very

readily to the opinions of those farmers,

whose station in life justifies a suspicion

that their knowledge is merely practical,

and not founded upon scientific instruc-

tion."

MISCELLANEOUS.

THINGS IN LONDON.

"One man is nothing—at most an atom,

a mere atom, an atomized atom." Hor-

ror of horrors—how many times has Lon-

dron been emptied in the many past cen-

tries? What do they do with the dead?

Can the earth hold them? How many

feet deep of dead, think you, there are

under the earth, hereabout? If the resur-

rection will be as we think, what a spec-

tacle will be exhibited here! The two

millions of people over whom I am look-

ing now, thirty years hence will be laid

gone—sixty years hence, quite gone.—

A new race will be in these streets. Our

day will be antiquity. People will won-

der how we looked and acted. The Peo-

ple's children will be trampling over us.

Two millions more of dead will be added

to the millions of millions under the earth.

Other men will be in St. Stephen's then.

The St. James will have another king and

queen, it king and queen then there be,

and the worms will be eating this one, it

then he be not eaten. Perchance his

monument will stand up somewhere as

rusty as Charles the Second's. But old

Thomas will be what he now is. He

will not change. What folly to pile up

these huge masses of stone! Old Time

sends abroad millions of messengers, eat-

ing and gnawing the very stone—and by

and by he comes himself, with his terrible

sledge, and strikes down what they have

loosened. And you, Westminster Abbey,

must also fall. He is at work upon you.

By and by rubbish will fill your Poet's

Corner. Ay, this old Tower they are

propping up and propping up. Its turrets

look as if they shake. There is the monu-

ment erected in memory of the great fire.

Who knows, but another great fire will

level even this dome in the dust? Sir

Christopher Wren sleeps in a dark cell

under my feet.

I have just been looking at Nelson's

Sarcophagus, under the very centre of this

dome. Nelson died to lay in that gloomy

place, to dispel whose darkness torches

must be lighted, ere his tomb can be seen.

Oh, what is glory! A shilling is asked to

see him, and the great painters, and

some others—the same that is demanded

for seeing the beasts in the Tower. What

care all the mighty mass of human beings

moving around this church, who lie bur-

ied here? The huge clock is striking.—

How many have died within the scan of

the eye hence, since it first began to strike?

Brooks' Letters from Europe.

ARGUMENT FROM EXPERIENCE.

After our return to Boston we spent an

evening in company with an aged clergy-

man. He was 84 years old. He gave

us the following statement of his use of